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OPERA IN FRANCE AND NORTH GERMANY.

Reminiscences of 1873.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

(Continued from page 829.)

The first representative of *Fidelio* in London was the celebrated Mdme. Schroeder-Devrient, who sang it in the original language, with a German company, at the King's Theatre, during Mr. Monck Mason's spirited but disastrous season of management, in 1832, and she is still considered by old *habitués* to have been by far the best interpreter of the part ever seen. Later it was associated with the greatest successes of Malibran, Sophie Cruvelli and Tietjens, and a "first night" of *Fidelio* is at present really as much a "circumstance" in the Drury Lane season as that of *Don Giovanni* used to be in the old days of the Haymarket Opera, or the earlier ones of Covent Garden. *Fidelio* being like *Der Freyschütz*, purely German, has to be "mounted," as regards its music, when given in Italian; but here all analogy between the two ceases, for the story of the latter is no mere piece of local *diablerie*, but a tale of home affections and home sorrow, which goes straight to the hearts of any audience in any country. With one exception, the cast at Hanover, comprising Fraulein Wekerlin, Pauli, Herren Bauman, Bletscher, Haas, Kruij, and Dr. Gunz, cannot be compared to those witnessed during successive years in London. Yet all were steady, conscientious representatives of their parts; and then, the singers and the work being indigenous, there was a closeness, a sense of fitness, so to speak, in the whole performance, which rendered it, if not brilliant, at any rate thoroughly satisfactory. Of the individual singers, Dr. Gunz, the Florestan—the exception referred to above—should be singled out as having frequently sung the part in London. The voice of Dr. Gunz has not lost the guttural defects which were observable there, but his delivery of the music is as fine as formerly, perhaps finer, since here he is not hampered by a strange language, and his make-up, as the starved prisoner, was almost too painfully true to nature. Remembering his Kaspar, in *Der Freyschütz*, the Pizarro of Herr Bletscher was in a dramatic sense disappointing, for, however admirable his singing, he converted the Governor, both in dress and action, into a low type of melodramatic villain, traditional, it may be, on the stage of this country, but certainly quite out of keeping with our English ideas, and most probably also with the intention of the author of the libretto, M. Bouilly. The music allotted to Leonora, being declamatory, offers no opportunity for mere mechanical display, but is at the same time of much difficulty, owing to its constant strain upon the voice. That of Fraulein Wekerlin seemed to be of no great volume, and rather hard in quality, but she is expressive, and as an actress eminently sympathetic. In the first act she was good, if nothing more, but through the whole of the prison scene her performance was exceedingly beautiful, and at the point where Pizarro, foiled in his attempt to assassinate his victim, goes out with Rocco to meet the minister, and Leonora, secure at last of her husband's safety, falls half-fainting into his arms, the height of true pathos was reached. The artist was no longer the artist, she was Florestan's wife. The perfect stillness which prevailed amongst the audience during this portion of the opera was sufficient proof of the hold retained upon their sympathies. Such absorbed attention was worth any amount of mere noisy and indiscriminate applause. The prisoners' chorus was sung and acted with the vigour and realistic fidelity so strikingly characterising this department of the theatre. The accompaniments, which in Beethoven's single opera literally run over with richness of colouring and luxuriance of idea, were done every justice to by the orchestra, which also gave in its finest manner two of the four overtures composed for *Fidelio*, that previous to the first act being the one in C major, and between the acts the universally popular *Leonora*, No. 2; in the latter the precision and perfect time with which the horn, though out of sight, and placed apparently far back behind the scenes, struck in at the well-known passage, ought to be noticed as a proof of the high point of discipline attained by the conductor. An assemblage of "stars" might offer a more imposing performance of *Fidelio*; it could not possibly give one more conscientiously studied or complete.

From *Der Freyschütz* and *Fidelio* to *Der Barbier*—from the

purely German to the purely Italian school—is a leap indeed. It was nevertheless curious to hear how Rossini's *chef d'œuvre* of comic opera would sound under conditions so completely antagonistic. Its performance by Fraulein Orgeni, Herren Gunz, Haas, Bauman, and Stägerman was interesting in the way of contrast, if nothing more. In the first place, the overture to *La Cenerentola*, was given in lieu of the one so universally adopted elsewhere,—only adopted though, as Rossini, after the opera had been brought out, substituted one composed to a now forgotten work, *Elisabetta*, for the original, which had been found ineffective. Then the recitatives were replaced by dialogue, which sounded strange enough to foreign ears. As for the execution, making every allowance for the slackening of tempo, and the simplification of florid passages, the Almaviva (Gunz) just managed to get through his music and no more. Yet he played in a most spirited manner, and looked and dressed the part as well as could be. The Bartolo (Haas) and Basilio (Bauman) were good, although their fun was of the heaviest. The part of the Barber was given to Herr Stägerman, a young and very handsome man, with a voice of metallic but telling quality, who ought with proper training to expand into something far above the ordinary level. At present he is not equal to such music as that of Figaro, though his singing of 'Largo al factotum' was more than respectable, and his acting throughout very good indeed. The little part of Berta was entrusted to a member of the dramatic corps, and the pretty song, "Il vecchietto," omitted. Notwithstanding that the powers of the Rosina, Fraulein Orgeni, were obscured by illness, for which an apology was circulated, and the last act curtailed, there was no concealing the remarkable talent of this artist, who is evidently as much at home with Rossini as with Weber. If she did not keep to her text in the cavatina and duet with Figaro, the variations, in themselves surprisingly difficult, which she introduced, were so admirably conceived, and so faultlessly executed, that it was impossible to criticise or condemn. As a piece of acting, too, nothing could well be more delightful than her Rosina. However deficient in personal attractions, however ungrateful the quality of her voice, there can be but one opinion, but one sort of praise—the very highest—to bestow upon Orgeni, who is simply a most finished actress, and a perfect mistress of the art of singing.*

(To be continued.)

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 20th:—

Overture, <i>La Chasse du Jeune Henri</i> ...	Méhul.
Christmas Pastoral	Corelli.
Soirées de Vienne (No. 6, A minor)	Schubert & Liszt.
Prelude and Fugue (G major)	Bach.
Organ Sonata (No. 6, D minor)	Mendelssohn.
Polonaise (A major, Op. 40)	Chopin.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 22nd:—

Organ Concerto (C minor)	Handel.
Andante, Tempo di Minuetto (Op. 30)	Beethoven.
Fantasia Cromatica con Fuga (D minor)	Bach.
(a) "Venite in Bethlehem," Allegretto Pastorale	W. T. Best.
(b) "Psallite, omnes Angeli," Allegro Vivace	
Andante from the Eleventh Symphony (Posthumous work)	Mozart.
March from the Notturmo for Wind Instruments	Spohr.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The standing committee of the Festival met on Saturday, December 8th, at the Star Hotel; Earl Beauchamp, Lord Lieutenant of the county, presiding. A communication was received from the Dean and Chapter, containing the views of the caputular body as to the various points which, in their opinion, should be submitted to the Lord Bishop of the diocese, and his opinion solicited thereon. The committee considered these points, and agreed that they should be submitted to the Bishop, and they have replied to the Dean and Chapter to that effect.—*Berrow's Journal*.

* How is it that she made so little impression at our Royal Italian Opera some years ago? It could hardly be because she had studied with Mad. Pauline Viardot Garcia.—D. P.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Within the last few weeks our columns have contained notices of, first, a new oratorio, *Hezekiah*, by Dr Armes; second, a new cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*, by Professor Macfarren; third, another new oratorio, *Joseph*, by the eminent musician just named; and, fourth, a new, "comedy opera," by Mr Arthur Sullivan. This, it must be confessed, is pretty well as a musical bouquet for the departing year, and a gratifying proof that English composers are not idle in the highest fields of their art. But we have now to add another work to the list—a third oratorio and another *Hezekiah*! We beg pardon of Mr J. L. Hatton for applying the wrong term to his production. The *Hezekiah* heard at the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon is styled a "sacred drama," not an oratorio, and although the distinction is not very clear to us, we admit the right of a father to call his child by what name soever he pleases. It had long been known that Mr Hatton was labouring at a task, the very desire to achieve which did him honour. Naturally great curiosity existed to make acquaintance with the result, and we will venture to say that the composer had the warmest wishes of every amateur for a brilliant success. Mr Hatton is one of those fortunate men who are personally popular beyond the limits of their personal acquaintance. He has written such a lot of cheery music, and his songs are so welcome to our homes, that we cannot help in some measure reasoning from them to their author, and concluding that he must be as pleasant as his strains, and that we are bound to like him also. But as well as good wishes, Mr Hatton, working away at his "sacred drama," was the object of hope. We called to mind his unquestionable ability as a musician, we went back, some of us, to his masterly and beautiful songs published years ago, and we remembered that "To Anthea" is but one among many precious musical illustrations of Herrick by the same skilful hand. As, moreover, it was known that Mr Hatton had given himself up to his self-imposed task and retired to breathe the classic air of Germany, while engaged upon it, no confidence in coming good ever had fuller justification. Hence the curiosity shown by an exceptional gathering of professors and amateurs at the Crystal Palace was mixed with an inclination to prejudge the issue in the composer's favour.

Miss Beatrice Abercrombie, the literary colleague of Mr Hatton, did not go to the Bible for words as well as incident, preferring to supply the musician with verses from her own pen. Something is gained by this and something lost. On the one hand we have not the sublimity and powerful associations of Scripture language, on the other we do not see that language misapplied and disorted as is so often the case in oratorio librettos. Concerning the actual worth of Miss Abercrombie's poem we desire to speak in full view of the low standard by which such things have come to be judged. "Lines for music," even when thrown into the form of an oratorio or drama, are never expected to have much value in themselves, and rarely do they fail to justify the attitude. On the whole, perhaps, the libretto of *Hezekiah* will endure as much inspection as it is likely to get. There is not a great deal of power in the verses, but neither do they offend by excessive weakness, while they are marked by occasional happy thoughts. Miss Abercrombie, however, should not have kept so persistently to the use of rhyme, which, as an element in poetry written for music, has but little value. Even her recitatives are rhymed, to their inevitable loss of strength, while it sometimes happens the rhymes chosen stretch our courtesy in order to get a place among the allowable. "Win" and "twine" is an example. The construction of the drama cannot be unreservedly approved, because the first part contains little or no action. It opens, continues, and closes with the celebration by Hezekiah and his people of the measures which had cast down strange gods from the high places of Israel. All this is necessarily lyrical rather than dramatic, and, save for the entry of a messenger from Isaiah, not a single person on the stage has occasion to move. The second act is in better keeping with the title of the work, dealing as it does, with the invasion of Sennacherib, the doom of the Assyrian army, and the deliverance of Jerusalem from danger. Here we have stirring events, and some atonement is made for previous dulness, especially as the events themselves are allowed to progress without let or hindrance from undue moralizing. It should be added that the characters are five: Hezekiah (bass), a Messenger (tenor), Hephzi-Bah, wife of Hezekiah (soprano); Abi, the king's mother (contralto); and Sennacherib's cup-bearer (tenor).

Mr Hatton has made a characteristic use of his opportunity in composing this sacred drama. He was at perfect liberty to say: "I will write now that which shall be 'caviare to the general'; my work shall appeal to the learned in art; it shall have mysteries only to be fathomed by the initiate, and I will take a place among those who receive admiration without being understood." Such a

resolution might indeed, have been anticipated in the case of one surfeited with the favour of the multitude and anxious for a change. That Mr Hatton could have carried it out had he made it, nobody questions. But he resisted the temptation, and remained true to his old public, seeming to have said, "The friends who know me best, and on whom I can rely, don't want a learned work, and they shall not have it; they love a plain and pretty tune, and I will give them plenty; originality worries them, and I mean to carefully avoid that result, while taking pains to gratify their desire that whatever purports to be new and strange should bear more or less resemblance to that which is old and familiar." If these were Mr Hatton's intentions, he must be credited with having fulfilled them to the letter. Who will grumble therefore? Certainly not the philanthropist, who sees in Mr Hatton a genial musician laying himself out for "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and mixing the language of the schools with so much of the vernacular as is requisite to reach the understanding of all. The composer of "Goodbye, Sweetheart" is a people's composer, and *Hezekiah* is a people's "sacred drama," all plain, straightforward, and comprehensible at a glance. Should anybody contend that there is no place for such a work, the behaviour of the Crystal Palace audience makes effective reply, for when the genial countenance of the excellent composer was shown on the platform such shouts went up to greet it as are seldom heard in concert rooms. But, apart from this, why should the connoisseurs, the clamourers for originality, profundity, and intelligibility have all the oratorios? Why, when they are not consulted, is there to be an end of cakes and ale? Surely others may enjoy their turn; and it is easy to see that in composing *Hezekiah* for those others Mr Hatton performed a labour of love congenial to his nature. All the characteristics of his most popular style are here. A flow of tune that seems to come forth without effort; a musical structure that is simplicity itself, and a mode of utterance that brings up from time to time pleasant reminiscences of excellence in the works of other men. That not a few of the airs and choruses in *Hezekiah* will be lovingly received by those whom the composer seems to have had specially in view hardly admits of a doubt. What sort of a reception the whole work is likely to have in the higher regions of art is another question altogether. There it will, perhaps, be said by people who ignore the fitness of things that Mr Hatton is simple at the expense of his musicianship; that his dramatic music never does more than skim the surface of the situation; that his orchestration lacks fancy; that his ideas and their mode of expression are sometimes borrowed; and that his music generally is deficient in the power and elevation necessary to sacred song. But Mr Hatton, listening to the cheers of a crowd, can afford to be deaf to the quidnuncs. And his position is certainly an enviable one; for if the man be a public benefactor who causes two blades of grass to grow where there was previously but one, what is he who, in the entire practice of his art from ballads to sacred dramas, can reach the people and make them glad?

The performance of *Hezekiah* must be pronounced, under the circumstances, a creditable one. It was clear that the chorus, holding Mr Hatton to be a "jolly good fellow," worked on his behalf with special zeal, and the band followed suit; while in Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Mr E. Lloyd, and Mr Santley, the composer found interpreters not less sympathetic than able. Details are scarcely called for in the absence of an analysis of the music, which we must for the present hold in reserve. Enough that satisfaction appeared to be general, while Mr Hatton himself gave unmistakable signs of a conviction that his music had received generous treatment. Mr Manns conducted with customary zeal, and should be complimented on the results of his labours.

WHEN WE MET!*

(Impromptu for Music.)

When we met it was fair summer, And the roses crown'd the days, While the fragrant sunshine flooded Life with gold and purple rays.	As our white lips strove to murmur Earth's-for-ever said "Farewell!" Nature, shivering, seem'd to echo Our dead joy's funeral knell!
How we floated in the dances, That made gay each starlit night!	It is winter, and I'm resting In a nook beside the sea, Listening to the ocean voices Chanting of eternity;
How we "dreamt" beneath the beeches, As we watch'd the sunset light!	And they tell me I shall meet him On the cloudless, tideless shore, Where Love's pilgrims sing with angels
It was autumn when we parted, And the beech leaves fell in showers, Forming tide of tawny splendour, Where had smil'd the springtime flowers.	Love's "For ever, evermore!" A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

* Copyright.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We subjoin the programme of the students' orchestral concert, given in St James's Hall on Thursday, December 13:—

Symphony, in G minor (MS.), first movement (R. Addison, Student); Scena, "Medea" (Randegger)—Mrs Crosmont Turner; Concerto, in E, Op. 110, first movement, pianoforte (Hummel)—Miss Ellis; Trio, "Oh! why, when death was closing round thee," *William Tell* (Rossini)—Messrs Welch, Hutchinson, and Brereton; Concerto, in C minor, Op. 37, first movement, pianoforte (Beethoven)—Miss Boxell; Aria, "Vedrai carino," *Don Giovanni* (Mozart)—Miss Clara Samuel, Parepa-Rosa Scholar; Concerto, in E minor, Romance and Rondo, pianoforte (Chopin)—Miss Ethel Gould, Lady Goldsmid Scholar; Quartet and Chorus (MS.) (G. Hooper, Student)—Misses Leonora Braham and Orridge, Messrs Welch and Theiler; Concerto, in D, Op. 61, first movement, violin (Beethoven)—Miss De Nolte, Professors' Scholar; *Christmas Oratorio*, First and Second Parts (Bach)—solos by Misses Leonora Braham and Orridge, Messrs Welch and Robert George—pianoforte, Miss Kate Steel.

The patrons of the institution and the friends of the students assembled in large numbers to say "Farewell till we meet again." The concert was the last previous to "breaking up day." Each young artist in *futuro* was heartily welcomed on his or her appearance on, or departure from the platform, and the greatest interest in their well-doing was apparent in the audience. We were sorry to find only two compositions by students introduced, but both were fair specimens of the progress made in that important department of art. Among the more successful of the instrumental executants were Miss Ellis (pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson), Miss Boxell (pupil of Mr Westlake), and Miss Ethel Gould (pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren). Mrs Crosmont Turner exhibited great dramatic power in Mr Randegger's *scena*, "Medea;" and both the solo vocalists and the chorus exhibited a fair amount of steadiness and careful training in the *Christmas Oratorio*. Mr Walter Macfarren conducted.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second concert of the present season took place on Friday the 14th. The work selected for performance was *Judas Maccabæus*. The choice, at all times an admirable one, is peculiarly appropriate in the present days of wars and rumours of wars. Tales of deeds of daring done and prowess wrought will at all times meet with an attentive ear; but when sublimated by such soul-stirring music as Handel has given us in *Judas*, the effect is electrical. The crowded audience assembled in Exeter Hall showed this to be the general feeling by frequent manifestations of approval. Entering the building from streets resounding with the cries of "Declaration of war between Servia and Turkey," the words "Call forth thy powers, my soul, and dare the conflict of unequal war" had more than ordinary significance. The performance, on the whole, was remarkably good. The choruses were one and all given with great spirit and precision, more particularly "Fallen is the foe" and "We never will bow down," with its glorious pendant in C major, "We worship God, and God alone." The sopranos, who at one time were not remarkable for purity and richness of tone, have vastly improved in these respects, younger and fresher voices having taken the place of those which had been exhausted by years of active service. Happily, the result has been obtained without sacrificing the knowledge and experience which are indispensable to choral works of such intricacy and magnitude. The basses, always celebrated for their sonorous voices, fairly bore off the palm from the other parts by their vigour and breadth of tone. This was shown in a marked degree in the fugue, "And grant a leader bold and brave," and "Disdainful of danger." The oratorio was performed with Sir Michael Costa's elaborate additional accompaniments. Unsparring use is made of the brass, wind instruments, and percussion; and although the martial character of the work bears this out to a great extent, yet the continued and persistent booming of the drums becomes somewhat monotonous. The solo vocalists aided in no small degree to the general success. Mme Lemmens, though evidently suffering from indisposition, gained the approbation of the audience by her spirited delivery of "From mighty kings." Miss Julian Wigan, by her careful singing of "Pious orgies" and facile execution of "So shall the lute and harp awake," showed that she had profited largely by the teaching and experience of her instructress, Mme Sainton. Miss Julia Elton, always thoroughly at home in Handel's works, gave the trying air, "Father of heaven," in a manner that could not fail to please the most fastidious. Mr Edward Lloyd, who, in the absence of Mr Vernon Rigby through indisposition, undertook the tenor solos, made the great success of the evening. "Call forth thy powers"

was declaimed with such thrilling effect that the audience insisted on its being repeated; while the recitative, "So will'd my father now at rest," might well be taken as a model of expressive singing. Mr Lloyd was equally fortunate in his delivery of "How vain is man" and "Sound an alarm." Mr Montem Smith filled adequately the small part allotted to him. Mr Lewis Thomas, who took the bass solos, was in capital voice, and by his rendering of "The Lord worketh wonders" showed his thorough mastery over the runs which, at all times abounding in Handel's works, form a very prominent feature in the above-mentioned air. Sir Michael Costa conducted with (if possible) more than his usual spirit and decision.

F. L.

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT ST PETERSBURGH.

(From the "Journal de St Petersburg.")

This notice is extra, and I ask pardon of the readers of the *Journal de St Petersburg*, the great majority of whom are more anxious for politics than music, but I considered I ought to "demander urgence" on account of the importance belonging to the artistic event I have to chronicle. I will endeavour to be as brief as possible. *Farò quel che potrò per non seccar la gente*, as Mephisto-Uetam says, before he begins the drinking song. I am going to speak about the performance at the Italiens of the opera of *Faust* with an unexampled "luxe vocal;" Marguerite, Mme Nilsson; Siebel, Mme Scalchi; Faust, M. Masini; Mephistopheles, M. Uetam; and Valentin, M. Broggi. This cast constitutes, as I have already remarked, an unequalled vocal combination. If that recently invented ingenious machine, the telephone, is able to act over great distances, during the Paris Exposition we ought to transmit to the inhabitants of the French capital *Faust* as sung last Thursday at our Italian operahouse. What a triumph that would be for M. Gounod, and how delighted he would feel at hearing his work executed with such perfection by all concerned.

The hope expressed by me in my last notice is realised: Mme Nilsson is still what she was three years ago, the most complete incarnation of the ideal conceived by the author of the German *Faust*. Last Thursday I verified my reminiscences, and I am bound to say that the impression produced by Mme Nilsson's acting and singing in the character of Marguerite was quite as vivid and quite as complete as it ever was. This is something marvellous!

Three years in the career of a singer, when she has been constantly in the breach, are equal to ten years. But it appears that Master Saturn, though generally inexorable, has, in this instance, made an exception, and allowed himself to be mollified into extending his clemency towards Mme Nilsson. He has not chosen, or he has not dared, to alter the fine type of Goethe's Marguerite, and he has left even the voice untouched. This appeared to me quite as fresh as ever, and I actually think that the two notes (*la* and *si* of the upper register), with which she terminates the rondo of the jewels and executes a shake—*bagatella!*—are even more brilliant and more firm than they were three years since. The ærian G sharp, giving, when the melody of the rondo is repeated, a peculiar tinge, as I recently said, to this phrase, was quite as sweet and quite as pure as formerly. In short, there is nothing changed—I beg pardon, I am wrong—Marguerite is a trifle thinner, but this renders her still more interesting and more Margeritish than ever.

It would be superfluous to enumerate all the beauties of the part, one of Mme Nilsson's finest creations. We will limit ourselves to indicating roughly its most salient points. I have already stated the plan adopted by the singer for imparting a tinge of Germanic dreaminess to the melody of the rondo, which, on account of the way in which it was executed in general, and of this tinge in particular, was honoured with an encore.

In the duet with Faust, there is, besides innumerable charming touches of light and shade, a moment of passionate languor which makes one giddy. The return to discretion and circumspection is an irresistible outburst, and we can perfectly understand Faust's making up his mind to leave Marguerite, as he cries from the inmost recesses of his heart—and lungs: "*Felicità del Ciel!*"

The scene of the 4th act, before the church porch, is dramatic to a supreme degree. The scream of terror uttered by Marguerite on finding herself face to face with Mephistopheles is striking. To sum up: the last scene, the scene in the prison, is prodigious in its effect. When in the trio, at the moment of the explosion of the musical phrase, the three voices (of Mme Nilsson, M. Masini and Uetam) are combined, they entirely dominate the orchestra. The sonority of the combination is something superb. Mme Nilsson's success was on a par with her merits. What more need be added?

DRESDEN.—The report that the musical library of the late Julius Rietz had been purchased by the Government is incorrect. It will be shortly sold by auction.

December.

VARIOUS days in December re-call to mind the following events connected with music, namely, the 1st—Birth of Charles Philippe Lafont, Paris, 1781; death of Ferdinando Giuseppe Bertoni, Desenzano, 1813; 2nd—Death of Johann Simon Mayr, Bergamo, 1845; birth of Agostino Agazzari, Siena, 1578; first performance of Donizetti's *Favorita*, Académie de Musique, Paris, 1840; first performance of Auber's *Domino Noir*, Opéra-Comique, Paris, 1837; 3rd—First performance of Rossini's *Maometto II.*, Teatro San Carlo, Naples, 1820; 4th—First performance of Rossini's *Otello*, Teatro del Fondo, Naples, 1816; 5th—Death of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Vienna, 1791; first performance of Sig. Ponchielli's *Promessi Sposi* (re-modelled), Teatro Dal Verme, Milan, 1872; inauguration of the Mozart Monument at Vienna, 1859; 6th—Death of Giovanni Pacini, Pescia, 1867; birth of Luigi Lablache, Naples, 1794; first performance in France of Verdi's *Traviata*, Théâtre-Italien, Paris, 1856; 7th—Death of Adriano Willaert, Venice, 1562; birth of Bernardo Pasquini, Massa (Tuscany), 1637; first performance of Félicien David's *Désert*, Conservatory, Paris, 1844; first performance of Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, Teatro San Carlo, Naples, 1849; 9th—First performance of Glinka's *Life for the Czar*, Russian Theatre, St Petersburg, 1836; 10th—Birth of Errico Petrella, Palermo, 1813; birth of Emanuele Astorga, Palermo, 1681; first performance of Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*, Opéra-Comique, Paris, 1825; 11th—Birth of Pietro Antonio Coppola, Castrogiovanni (Caltanissetta), 1793; birth of Hector Berlioz, Côte Saint-André, 1803; 12th—First performance in France of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Théâtre-Italien, Paris, 1837; 13th—Death of Carlo Guasco, Solero (Alessandria), 1876; Teatro Fenice, Venice, destroyed by fire, 1836; 14th—Death of Heinrich Marschner, Hanover, 1861; 15th—Death of Gualterio Sanelli, Marakao, 1861; first performance of Hérold's *Pré aux Clercs*, Opéra-Comique, Paris, 1832; first performance of Spontini's *Festale*, Académie de Musique, Paris, 1807; 16th—Birth of Ludwig van Beethoven, Bonn, 1770; birth of Adrien Boieldieu, Rouen, 1775; 17th—Death of Saverio Mercadante, Naples, 1870; birth of Domenico Cimarosa, Aversa, 1749; 18th—Birth of Carl Maria von Weber, Eutin, 1786; death of L. M. Gottschalk, Rio Janeiro, 1869; death of Giuseppe Nicolini, Piacenza, 1842; death of Felice Bianchini, Paris, 1841; 20th—Birth of Pietro Raimondi, Rome, 1786; death of Vincenzo Pacitta, Milan, 1861; first performance of Sig. Campana's *Esmeralda* (with Mad. Adelina Patti as the heroine), Italian Opera-house, St Petersburg, 1869; 22nd—First performance of Halévy's *Reine de Chypre*, Académie de Musique, Paris, 1841; first performance of Spontini's *Olympie*, Académie de Musique, Paris, 1819; 23rd—Death of Johann Adolf Hasse, surnamed "Il Sassone," Venice, 1783; first performance in France of Verdi's *Trociatore*, Théâtre-Italien, Paris, 1854; 24th—Birth of Giovanni Bottesini, Crema, 1821; first performance of Verdi's *Aida*, Viceroyal Theatre, Cairo, 1871; 26th—First performance of Rossini's *Bianca e Faliero*, Teatro alla Scala, Milan, 1819; first performance of Mercadante's *Schiava Saracena o Il Campo dei Crociati*, Teatro alla Scala, Milan, 1848; first performance of Donizetti's *Maria Padilla*, Teatro alla Scala, Milan, 1841; first performance of Luigi Ricci's *Luna di miele, o Chi dura Vince*, Teatro Valle, Rome, 1834; first performance of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, Teatro alla Scala, Milan, 1833; first performance of Bellini's *Norma*, Teatro alla Scala, Milan, 1831; first performance of Donizetti's *Gemma di Fergy*, Teatro alla Scala, Milan, 1834; first performance of Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, Teatro Carcano, Milan, 1830; 28th—Birth of Giuseppe Sarti, Faenza, 1729; 30th—First performance of Flotow's *Alessandro Stradella*, Hamburg, 1844; 31st—Death of Luigi Ricci, Prague, 1859. G. P.

[Many of these data are inconceivably uninteresting. Who the deuce cares when or where Sig. Campana's *Esmeralda* was first performed?—or when Agostino Agazzari was born, or when Ferdinando Giuseppe Bertoni died? Who, except "G. P."? We could double, treble, quadruple, even quintuple the list of for the most part unimportant events, if required.—OTTO BEARD.]

TURN.—*Demetrio*, a new opera by Sig. Raffaele Coppola (not to be confounded with Antonio Coppola, whose death we announced in our last number), has been produced at the Teatro Vittorio Emanuele.

CONCERTS IN VIENNA.*

(Continued from page 835.)

The first movement, headed "Prelude" (Andante maestoso—three-four—D minor), is imposing throughout, thanks to a certain character of grandeur and severity. It advances with measured tread and in three-four rhythm to the end, when it works up to a majestic outburst on a long roll, effectively reserved till then, of the kettle-drums. This movement, during which the dull sound of the organ, in the lowest basses of the pedal, acts on the hearer like some unsuspected physical force, seems to me the most effective and at the same time the most characteristic; it would be found well adapted for performance at concerts independently of the other portions of the composition. The Andante (F major, four-fourths), with its gentle choral-like melody delivered by the stringed quartet alone, till at last, interrupted by the strong chords on the organ, a wild hailstorm of triplets pours down, is, perhaps, in a purely melodic sense, the most happy of the four movements; unluckily, as an andante following an andante, it produces a rather exhausting impression. The Scherzo, an Allegretto grazioso (A major, two-four time), being without originality of invention and of a somewhat frivolous character, when compared to the other movements, leaves the hearer cold. The Finale (Allegro maestoso, three-four, D minor), after a short introduction, offers us a four-part fugue, with a rapid long-breathed theme; the halting quaver rhythm in the fifth bar of the theme renders each entry of the answer exceedingly plain even to unpractised ears. The interruptions of the fugued composition by wild and abrupt violin figures in recitative style have something capricious and unintelligible about them. The whole concludes with a grand outburst of all the tone-masses on a long organ-point of the tonic. The entire Symphony is imposing by its seriousness and its sterling musical workmanship, and interesting by its clever details. Like Herbeck's previous composition, this last symphony strikes me more as a product of reflection and technical mastery than of rich and genial natural gifts. Great energy of will and an heroic effort to rise and remain high above the level of what is ordinary speak out of each bar. But creative power, spontaneity, and originality of invention do not keep pace with the energetic will. There can be no question, however, that the new Symphony is incomparably more important than the last two compositions of his, which Herbeck caused to be performed, the "Künsterfahrt" and "Lied und Reigen." It would be unjust to estimate its value by its reception on Sunday; as the final number of a very long concert, it found an audience who were already weary, and who—putting aside, unfortunately, all reverence—diminished greatly after the second, and still more after the third, movement. Under the direction of Hans Richter the work was performed most admirably, and—as we need scarcely remark—in strict conformity with the directions given by Herbeck, who himself conducted the first rehearsal. It is to its tragic connection with the last days of Herbeck's life that the D minor Symphony, in our opinion, owes its greatest importance. It was a mysterious divinatorial sentiment, which prompted the Deceased, when enjoying his outing last summer at Mödling, to write this Symphonic Requiem. Such, indeed, the work is, for, at the very outset, it involuntarily produces on every hearer, with the dull sounds of its D minor organ chords, a most decidedly requiem-like impression. The Adagio offers us something more consolatory, a hopeful and happy confidence, as it were, in a future life—a "Benedictus" or "Agnus Dei"—but the final movement unchains the majestic thunders of a "Dies Irae." Herbeck's Symphony is a "Requiem without Words," a Requiem which—perhaps under a transient presentiment of death which he concealed from everyone—the Deceased wrote for himself. Except Mozart's *Requiem*, I am acquainted with no musical composition in which this effect strikes us so forcibly and so convincingly as in this Symphony, this swan's song, of Herbeck's.

The Philharmonic Concert of which Herbeck's Symphony formed the termination, opened with Mendelssohn's "Melusina Overture," executed with extreme delicacy, but—to my notion—too quickly. The fragment of Schubert's B flat minor Symphony and Liszt's Piano-forte Concerto in D minor (No. 4, Op. 102) followed. Herr Zarembsky, a young Polish pianist, of Liszt's school, played with astounding power and brilliancy the latter piece, which, while effective, and in some places clever, wants inward feeling, and is decidedly too long.

(To be continued.)

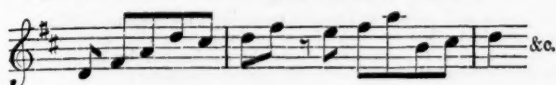
THE PROPER THING TO DO.—It is stated in musical circles that at the end of every profitable season a well-known London opera-manager always thanks his lucky stars.—*Liverpool Porcupine.*

* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

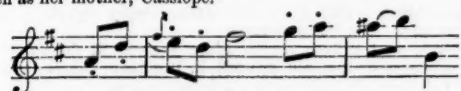
The Southern Cross.

To Henry Gadsby, Esq.

DEAR OLD GADSEY,—There may be difference of opinion.



Perseus was better looking than Neptune's sea-monster, or even than Neptune himself; but by no means so good looking as Andromeda, or even as her mother, Cassiope.



I should myself have preferred Andromeda.



I would have gone up any rock to rescue that lady. I would have swallowed the sea-monster. I would have drowned Neptune (in fresh water). I would have made overtures to Andromeda—several overtures, not one only, as did a certain musician of whom I am jealous, because his *one* might have been more seductive than my *several*. Had she deigned to listen to my overtures I would have married her right away. Take this as it is intended—



—and believe me, dear old Gadsby, yours periodically, with a fixed purpose,

Alexander ab Alexandro (alias Simcock House).
Oakappleberry.

P.S.—C. A. B. is of opinion that you should have addressed an overture, or overtures, to Perseus, and left Andromeda to me. That is *his* opinion; but G. Grobe being of a contrary opinion, Von Bulow likens Wilhelmj to Ixion on the wheel.—S. HOUSE.

VENICE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mad. Adelina Patti's triumph at the Fenice has, if possible, surpassed that achieved by her at the Scala, Milan. After appearing twice in *Faust*, and twice in *La Traviata*, she complied with a generally expressed wish by adding another performance to the four for which she was originally announced. The extra opera was *Il Barbiere*. Every night of her too short engagement the theatre was crammed, although the ordinary prices of admission were replaced by a much higher tariff. A stall, for instance, cost, even at the box-office, thirty francs.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER.*

I am coming thro' the shadows
Of the dark grey winter day,
A fond kiss of Christmas greeting
Softly on thy lips to lay.
I am coming with aroma
Of the sea breath in my hair,
Hearing thy sweet words of welcome
Floating towards me thro' the air.
And we'll weave the Christmas garlands
By the firelight's glowing red—

Thorn and scarlet holly berry—
Telling how *He* once lay dead!
Blent with shining leaves, that never
E'en 'neath winter tempests die,
Whisp'ring how *He*, living, waiteth
For us now beyond the sky.
Yes, to halo with the lustrous
Of my heart's fidelity,
Thy dear life—than mine far dearer—
I am coming back to thee!

* Copyright.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

COPENHAGEN.—*Le Roi l'a dit* has been performed at the Theatre Royal without the success anticipated. The Royal orchestra have commenced their annual series of Soirées for Chamber Music. The programme of the first *Soirée* contained an Octett for Strings by Bargiel (well known in London).

A Remonstrance.



(At the Hill and Mou.e.)

SIR CAPER O'CORBY (*furiously*).—Bedad! be the ribs of mine uncle!
MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the sirloin of O'Feargus!
MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! What?
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the beard of me stepmother! I'll speak to Arthur Chappell!
MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! Explain. Demnition!
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—I heard a quintet.
MR LAVENDER PITT.—Rubinstein's? Aw? Bootiful—werwy bootiful!
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Smithereens! Be the shanks of min'en'my! I tuk th' opportunity of writin' down this (*shows paper*):—



MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! aw! aw!
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the bow'ls of me bailiff!
(Exit SIR CAPER O'CORBY in convulsions.)
MR LAVENDER PITT (*solus*).—Demnition!

BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Ekkehard, by Herr Abert, *Hofcapellmeister* at Stuttgart, has been accepted at the Royal Operahouse. On the 7th inst., M. Anton Rubinstein took part with Strauss's Quartet in a new Pianoforte Quintet, and with Herr de Ahna in a new Violin Sonata; and Mdle Brandt sang a new song, "*Hekuba*"—all three pieces belonging to M. Rubinstein's most recent compositions. Herren Bote and Bock's business premises, converted for the nonce into a concert-room, were filled with a select and specially invited audience. On the following evening Herr Rubinstein attended a performance of his *Maccabæer* at the Royal Opera, and, at its conclusion, set out for Peterhof, where he will spend Christmas. In February he will superintend the production of *Die Maccabæer* in Vienna, and, in May, that of *Nerone* in Paris. There will be a season of Italian opera next March at Kroll's Theater. The principal members of the company are Signora Ricci, Mdle Alma Fohström; Signori Adolfs, Bagagiolo, Catelli, Graziosi, and M. Vidal, with Sig. Vela as conductor. The *prima donna assoluta*, Signora Ricci, comes from Trieste. Mdle Alma Fohström is a *bravura* singer, a Swede by birth, and—known in Italy as the Swedish Patti. Report speaks highly of her.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTIETH SEASON, 1877-78.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 7, 1878.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A major, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI Mozart.

ITALIAN CONCERTO, for pianoforte alone—Mlle MARIE KREBS Bach.

PART II.

SONATA, for violoncello—Signor PIATTI Boccherini.

TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mlle MARIE KREBS, Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI Beethoven.

Conductor Mr ZERBINI.

THE SIXTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 22, 1877.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in G minor, Op. 99, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (first time at these Concerts)—Mme ANNA MEHLIG, Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and Signor PIATTI Rubinstein.

SONG, "O swallow, swallow"—Mr SANTLEY (Violoncello *obligato*, Signor PIATTI) Piatti.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 76, No. 3, with Variations on "God preserve the Emperor," for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and Signor PIATTI Haydn.

SONGS, 1. "A weary lot" Sullivan.

SONGS, 2. "The fountain mingles with the river" Gounod.

SONATA, in C major, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), for pianoforte alone—Mlle ANNA MEHLIG Beethoven.

Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Austin, 25, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lumbock, 63, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Keith, Frowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 89, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co's, 56, New Bond Street.

ANNUAL DOUBLE NUMBER OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

The ANNUAL DOUBLE NUMBER of the *Musical World* will be published on
January 5th, 1878.

It will consist of *thirty-two pages*, and include original literary contributions from eminent writers. It will also contain several new cartoons and humorous sketches by

CHARLES LYALL.

* Among other cartoons, will be a Kaleidoscope of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" (as represented at the Royal Italian Opera); the Three Operatic Graces (PATTI, NILSSON, and ALBANI); Dr Hans von Bülow tormented by the half-dozen "Petticoat Pianists," &c. There will also be several new portraits, burlesque sketches, &c., by CHARLES LYALL—besides literary contributions in verse and prose, from the pens of eminent authors, including a new poem, called *Them Konsurts agin*, by OUR SPECIAL COCKNEY (J. B.) "Mental Strain" No. 2, By F. C. B.

Further particulars will be immediately announced.

Single copies, 6d.; by post, 7d. Annual subscription, as usual, 20s., free by post.

Orders received by the Publishers,

DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR HAMMER.—The famous pianist, Theodore Döhler, in spite of his German name, was a Neapolitan by birth. Dr Hammer is wrong also about Thalberg, and other points.

FURIOSO.—If people will persist in saying that Adelina Patti asks (and obtains) £500 for each of her performances, they may as well send her back to the nunnery, where she was housed (by Mr Maurice Strakosch) some time ago.—*Povera, piccola diavoletta!*

DEATHS.

On December the 17th, at 244, Regent Street, W. KEZIA, aged 64 years, the beloved wife of Richard Jeffs, deeply regretted by all who knew her. Her end was peace.

On December the 17th, at 55, Alma Square, St John's Wood, HANNAH, widow of the late Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D., aged 56 years. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co's, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1877.

IF any reader is desirous of knowing how far the charming young ladies of America can be influenced by Weimarian sham, let them read what follows—translated from the columns of the Boston (New England) *Transcript* :—

"AN HOUR PASSED WITH LISZT.

"How much more some of us get than we deserve! A pleasure has come to us unsought. It came knocking at our door seeking entrance, and we simply did not turn it away. It happened in this fashion: A friend had been visiting Liszt in Weimar, and happened to mention us to the great master, who promised us a gracious reception should we ever appear there. To Weimar then we came, and the gracious reception we certainly had to our satisfaction and lasting remembrance. After sending our cards and receiving permission to present ourselves at an appointed and early hour, we drove to the small, cosy house occupied by Liszt when here, on the outskirts of the garden of the duke of Saxe-Weimar, and were ushered by his Italian valet into a comfortable, cosy, home-like apartment, where we sat awaiting the great man's appearance. Wide casements opened upon a stretch of lawn and noble old trees, easy chairs and writing tables, MS. music with the pen lying carelessly beside it, masses of music piled up on the floor, a row of books there, too, a grand piano and an upright one, a low dish of roses on the table, a carpet, which is not taken for granted here as with us—altogether the easy, friendly look of a cottage drawing room at home, where people have a happy use of pleasant things.

"He entered the room after a few minutes, and greeted us with a charming amiability for which we inwardly blessed the absent friend. Of course everybody knows how he looks—tall, thin, with long white hair; a long, black, robe-like coat, being an *abbé*; long, slight, sensitive hands; a manner used to courts, and a smile and grace rare in a man approaching seventy. He spoke of Anna Mehlig and of several young artists just beginning their career whom we personally know. Very graciously he mentioned Miss Cecilia Gaul, of Baltimore, spoke kindly of Miss Anna Bock, one of the youngest and most diligent of artists, and most forcibly, perhaps, of Hermann, like Anna Mehlig, a pupil of Lebert in the Stuttgart Conservatory. "There is something in the young man," he said with emphasis. So he chatted in the most genial way of things great and small, as if he were not one of the world's geniuses, and we two little insignificant nobodies sitting before him overcome with a consciousness of his greatness and our nothingness, yet quite happy and at ease, as every one must be who comes within the sphere of his gracious kindness. (!) Suddenly he rose and went to his writing table, and with one of his long, sweet smiles, so attractive in a man of his age—but why shouldn't a man know how to smile long, sweet smiles, who has had innumerable thrilling romantic experiences with the sex that has always adored him?—he took a bunch of roses from a glass on his table and brought it to us. Whether to kiss his hand or fall on our knees we did not quite know; but, America being less given than many lands to emotional demonstration (!!), we smiled back with

composure and appeared, no doubt, as if we were accustomed from earliest youth to distinguished marks of favour from the world's great ones. But the truth is we are not. And these roses which stood on Liszt's writing table by his MS. music, presented by the hand that has made him famous, are already pressing, and will be kept among our Penates, except one, perhaps, that will be distributed leaf by leaf to hero-worshipping friends, with date and appropriate inscriptions on the sheet where it rests. How amiable he was indeed! The roses were much, but something was to come. The Meister played to us. For this we had not even dared hope during our first visit. No one, of course, ever asks him to play, and whether he does or not depends wholly on his mood. It was beautiful to sit there close by him, the soft lawns and trees framed by the open casement making a back-ground for the tall figure, the long peculiar hands wandering over the keys, the face full of intellect and power. And how he smiles as he plays! We fancied at first in our simplicity that he was smiling at us, but later it seemed merely the music in his soul illumining his countenance. His whole face changes and gleams and grows majestic, revealing the master spirit as his hands caress while they master the keys. With harrowing experiences of the difficulty of Liszt's compositions, we anticipated as he began something that would thunder and crash and teach us what pigmies we were; but as an exquisite, soft melody filled the room, and tones came like whispers to our hearts, and a theme drawn with a tender, magical touch brought pictures and dreams of the past before us, we actually forgot where we were, forgot that the white-haired man was the famous Liszt, forgot to speak as the last faint chord died away, and sat in utter silence, quite lost to our surroundings, with unseeing eyes gazing out through the casement.

"At last he rose, took our hands kindly and said, 'That is how I play when I play badly, I am suffering from a cold at present.' We asked if he had been improvising or if what he played were already printed. 'It was only a little nocturne,' he said. It sounded like a sweet remembrance. 'And was that,' he replied cordially. Then fearing to disturb him too long, and feeling we had been crowned with favours, we made our *adieux*, receiving a kind invitation to come the following day and hear the young artists who cluster around him often here, some of whom he informed us played '*famos*.' And after we had left him he followed us out to the stairway to repeat his invitation and say another gracious word or two. And we went off to drive through Weimar, and only half observe its pleasant, homely streets, its flat uninteresting, yet friendly aspect, its really charming park—so *Lisztified* were we, as a friend calls our state of mind. The place has, indeed, little to charm the stranger now, except the memories of Goethe and Schiller, and all the famous literary stars who once made it glorious—and the presence of Liszt. "B. W. H.

"Weimar."

While such "high falutin'" as this is allowed to pass current, how can the taste for genuine music in America be nourished? If ever there was an enemy to art, in its purest significance, that enemy is Franz Liszt;—and an enemy all the more formidable because of his great natural capabilities. Our sage and sober J. S. Dwight, the Boston (U. S.) musical aristarch, ought to blush for shame at transferring such arrant rubbish to his pages. Talk of "petticoat pianists"! "*Lisztified*" pianists of any sex are insupportable—long-haired or short-haired. *Ætrophilus Quæer.*

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—When you quote Horace, please quote him correctly. Page 817 of the *Musical World*, under the excellent portrait of your own excellent Leeds Correspondent, after a quotation from the *Hyperion* of Keats, I read the subjoined:—

* * * * * *sic tu sapiens finire memento*
Tristitiam, vitæque labores
Molli, Sparke, mero * * * * *

Perhaps you quoted from memory. If so your memory was defective, and you have no right to carp at "Polkaw," or any other among your divers poets. I know the passage you intend. It is from the 7th of Horace's first book of *Odes*, and should read thus:—

* * * * * *sic tu sapiens finire memento*
Tristitiam, vitæque labores
Molli Plauce (or Sparke) mero * * * * *

"*Tristiam*" is nonsense. The second line, beginning "*Tristitiam*," is a dactylic tetrameter *a posteriore*—which simply means the four posteriors (ask Dr Hueffer) of a dactylic hexameter (ask "G. G.," "A. M.," "E. P.," and "E. D.," of the Crystal Palace). The first and third lines you quote are portions of a dactylic hexameter; and the hexameter, having six feet (ask Josiah Pittman), while the tetrameter has only four (ask Sir Julius Benedict), the lines (ask Anton Rubinstein, or Hans von Bülow—to say nothing of Charles Salaman, who has set Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Patagonian verse to music), should not begin one beside the other, as though—in consequence of equal length (which they have not)—they were entitled to a concurrent margin. I quite agree with "Polkaw," that you may logically convert dactylic and spondaic versification into anapestic and spondaic. Terentianus Maurus says as much; but Terentianus would object to an "oe" diphthong in "anapestic," just as he would have objected to the "oe" diphthong, which you gave to "*vitæque*," in the passage from Horace dedicated to your Leeds Correspondent. Nevertheless, there was a clumsy old poet of Greece, by name Archilochus, who squeezed out hexameters in seven feet. Pencerdd Gwffin knows this full well—as anyone can be persuaded, by the unctuously Pennilionic manner in which, at Christmas time, he scares the Waits from their ordinary carols, by shouting in London streets and squares,—

"*Solvitur aeris hyems grata vice veris et Favoni*"—

—which line, to his imagining, would, in Hereford Welsh, mean "Sleepers wake!" And wake they do—with ready prepared buckets of water. "*Terruit urbem*"* may, indeed, be recorded of the doughty Pencerdd. Nevertheless, he cannot scan the following:—

"*Tu ne quæsieris scire nefas quem mihi quem tibi.*"

Excuse my impertinence in taking up your valuable time; and as you will not publish any further opinions of mine on the absurdity of treating English art (music especially) in a serious tone, I shall be content with the privilege of addressing you occasionally on other subjects. I have lately heard at the Crystal Palace an English overture, an English symphony, and just now, at the same dreary spot, an English oratorio. (What would "An English Musician" say to these?)

"Descend ye Nine, descend and sing."

But where could Muses rest in this bleak desert?

Smithers Goldfinch.

Smithers Goldfinch is a pedantic noodle. If he don't take care "An English Musician" (Clarendon Hotel) shall be let loose upon him. *J. P.*

—o—
BOOSEY v. FAIRLIE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—There are a few facts connected with this case which ought to be made public. The action was in the first instance against Mr Fairlie, of the St James's Theatre. It was commenced three years and a half ago; but this gentleman having subsequently disappeared from the theatrical world, it would have fallen through had it not been for the part taken by various managers of West End theatres. These gentlemen saw there was a chance of depriving M. Offenbach of his legitimate rights, and this was a pleasure too great to be resisted. They subscribed, therefore, to provide the funds to defend Fairlie's action, hoping by so doing to make all M. Offenbach's operas non-copyright. The result, of course, is that they have been beaten; but there is one point connected with our triumph which is not satisfactory. Who is to pay our expenses (amounting to not less than £500), and which have been incurred principally through the managerial opposition we have met with? It will be a pleasant surprise if Mr Fairlie becomes again visible, and "pays up." Still more agreeable if, in the case of his failure to do so, the united managers would again stand in his shoes, and pay the losses they have caused

* The last two feet of an hexameter—a dactylic dimeter.—D. P.

us to incur. This, however, is a dream of managerial conscientiousness which we dare not entertain in face of the shabby part our friends have taken in endeavouring to deprive the distinguished French composer of his rights in England by means of a contemptible legal quibble.—Yours faithfully,
Boosey & Co.
295, Regent Street, December 19, 1877.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MADLLE MILA RODANI, it is said, will appear next February at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, in *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, and *La Fille du Regiment*. Wherever she appears, she cannot fail to receive a hearty welcome.

AT the last of the Saturday Popular Concerts before Christmas, Herr Anton Rubinstein's quintet for pianoforte (Mdlle Anna Mehlig) will be introduced. It is a work of considerable length, in four movements.

ADELINA PATTI's success in Italy is almost without precedent. The Italian *dilettanti* are surprised at discovering that there is still a great Italian vocalist of whom they can boast; for though Adelina was born in Spain, and brought up "right away" in the United States of America, her parents were both Italians, and, in their time, dramatic singers of repute.

It is rumoured that the charming pianist, Annette Essipoff, is about to settle at Vienna. Why Vienna?

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The competition for the "Thalberg" Scholarship was held on Monday. The examiners were Mr W. Dorrell, Mr Walter Macfarren, Mr A. Randegger, Mr Brinley Richards, and the Principal (Professor Macfarren). There were 23 candidates, and the scholarship was awarded to Alice Heathcote. The competition for the "Novello" Scholarship also came off on Monday. The examiners were Mr Joseph Barnby, Mr H. C. Lunn, and the Principal. There were seven candidates, and the scholarship was awarded to William Sewell.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE Brixton Choral Society gave their subscribers, on Monday evening, December 17th, at the Angell Town Institution, Professor Macfarren's new oratorio, *Joseph*. The audience received this fine work with great favour, and were evidently pleased with many of the "numbers," especially the solo for tenor (Mr Welbye Wallace), "Let us not kill him;" the chorus, "We come from Gilead;" the song, "If I forget thee" (Mr Hutchinson); the trio, "My sons, tell me all" (Miss Emily Thornton, Messrs Wallace, and Tovey); and the sextet, "Forgive." The chorus was well under control. Mr Lemaire conducted, and the accompanists were Messrs J. G. Boardman and J. Turle Lee.

THE third *soirée* of the students of the London Academy of Music took place at St George's Hall on Monday evening, December 17th. A programme of "classical music" was carefully gone through by the students. Most of the Professors of the Academy were present. Herr Lehmeier was accompanist.

MISS KATHLEEN ELLISTON, a pianist and vocalist of merit, gave a concert on Saturday evening, December 15, at Langham Hall. She played several pianoforte pieces, introduced songs by herself, Linley, Heinrich, Lansdown Cottell, &c., and was rewarded by well-merited applause. She was assisted by Miss Sophie Newman, who gave Verdi's "Stride la vampa" (encored); Miss Lily Newman, who played a gavotte by Gounard (who is Gounard?); Miss Ellen Booth, who sang Mr Cottell's popular song, "Coming," and Wellington Guernsey's ballad, "Oh! buy my flowers," in both of which she was encored; Mr Stanley Smith, who made his *début* on the occasion, and, possessing a tenor voice of good quality, was heard to advantage in Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" and in Mr Cottell's ballad, "I'm waiting" (both encored); and Mr Harris Trevor, who gave a new canzonet by Mr W. J. Markley, "When the sun sinks to rest," together with a spirited and effective song by Wellington Guernsey, "The Muster Roll," which pleased much. The Misses Helen Rice,

Venie Roy, Nina Brunel, Louise Mince, G. Gates, E. Williams, Messrs Marre and A. Dillon, contributed by their singing and playing to the success of the concert; as did Mr Frederick Chatterton by his performance on the harp, of "Bardic Illustrations." Mr Walter J. Markley and Mr Lansdown Cottell accompanied the vocal music.

MRS JOHN MACFARREN gave a pianoforte recital last Tuesday at Greenwich (under the auspices of the Greenwich Society), to an audience which filled the spacious Lecture Hall in every part. The accomplished pianist was warmly received on her appearance, and enthusiastically applauded throughout the evening. Her musician-like playing of sonatas by Beethoven and Dussek was no less generally appreciated than her execution of Brissac's Scotch Fantasia and Raff's Gavotte (encored). Miss de Harpe assisted, and sang Handel's air, "Oh, let me wander not unseen," and was obliged to repeat Venzano's well-known "Valse," and Bishop's "Love has eyes."

PROVINCIAL.

BISHOP STORTFORD.—An evening concert was given in the Corn Exchange on Friday evening, December 14, beginning with Professor Macfarren's quartet, "The Three Fishers," sung by Mdle Terese Bonini, Messrs Ling and Day. Messrs Ling and Day sang Benedict's "The moon has raised her lamp above" and, with Mdle Bonini, Randegger's trio, "I Naviganti" ("The Mariners"), which was unanimously encored. Mdle Bonini also sang Sullivan's "Let me dream again" and (by desire) "Auld Robin Gray." Mr Harvey Day gave Dibdin's "Blow high, blow low" (encored), and Mr Tom Silver (R.A.M.) played Sterndale Bennett's "Rondo Grazioso" so well, that the audience expressed their delight by hearty applause. Messrs Ling and Day were called upon to repeat "Sally in our Alley," and "Jack's Yarn," and Mr Booth "Oh! my love." Mr Tom Silver was the accompanist.

LEEDS.—A series of performances have lately been given in the Philosophical Hall by Mr J. P. Bowling and Mr E. Dimsdale, upon pianos manufactured by Messrs Pohlmann & Son, of Halifax; and as the selections were not only choice but admirably played, the opportunity of listening to them was taken advantage of by large audiences, including professional musicians and accomplished amateurs.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr Pyatt announces his intention of giving, on Monday morning, Dec. 24, in the Albert Hall, Nottingham, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, with Mdle Albani, Mdme Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley as principal vocalists; a chorus of more than two hundred; and Mr F. W. Ward as conductor. In the evening there is to be a "grand miscellaneous concert."

HARROGATE.—On Monday evening, Dec. 10, the newly-erected organ in the Wesleyan Chapel was opened by Dr Spark, organist of the Leeds Town Hall. There was a very large attendance, and Dr Spark proved the organ to possess power sufficient for the large place of worship in which it is erected. The organ was built by Forster & Andrews, Hull. The following is a description of the organ:—

GREAT ORGAN, CC TO G.—Open diapason, 8 feet; gamba, 8 feet; dulciana, 8 feet; hohlflöte, 8 feet; flauto traverso, 4 feet; principal, 4 feet; twelfth, 2½ feet; fifteenth, 3 feet; clarinet, 8 feet.

SWELL ORGAN.—Gedact, 16 feet; open diapason, 8 feet; salicional, 8 feet; voix célestes, 8 feet; rohr flöte, 4 feet; principal, 4 feet; flageolet, 2 feet; mixture, 3 ranks; oboe, 8 feet; horn, 8 feet.

PEDAL ORGAN, CCC TO F.—Bourdon, 16 feet; open diapason, 16 feet.

COUPLERS.—Swell to great; swell super-octave; swell sub-octave; swell to pedals; great to pedals.

COMPOSITION PEDALS.—Three to great organ; two to swell organ. Radiating and concave pedal board.

BIRKENHEAD.—The first of six performances of *The Messiah* which have been announced in this neighbourhood, was given on Wednesday, Dec. 12th, in the Queen's Hall, under the auspices of the Cambrian Choral Society. The *personnel* of this Society (says *The Advertiser*) seems to have changed considerably of late, and though the performance showed a great deal of intelligence and well directed vigour, it certainly fell below the standard attained by the Cambrians in times gone by. The orchestra consisted of Liverpool players, whose contributions to the *ensemble*, though frequently distinguished by care and effect, were inadequate to a perfect interpretation of the work. The vocal solos were well rendered. Mrs Billie Porter sang like a conscientious and thorough artist. Miss Marie Ternan, an excellent contralto, is fast securing a good position among oratorio singers. Mr H. T. Bywater unites a telling voice with a good interpretation of Handelian music, but Mr G. Lenton was the weakest member of the quartet, having neither the *timbre* nor the training requisite for the part. Mr William Parry conducted, and distinguished himself as on previous occasions.

CHELTHENHAM.—At the eighth "Saturday Popular Concert," held in the Montpellier Rotunda, Mdme Zimeri was the vocalist. She sang Gumbert's "V'vitt Euch liebe Voglein," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Come back to Erin," and "I am a merry Zingara." The applause which she received was so general and hearty, owing to the excellent manner in which it was rendered—says a local journal—that Mdme Zimeri was induced to return, and sing "Coming through the rye." Indeed, in all her ballads she gave the greatest satisfaction. Her voice is well cultivated. We hope that it will not be the last time she will visit Cheltenham. At the "Scotch Ballad" concert, held on the following Saturday, Misses Ada Jackson, Alice Curtis, Elwell, and Mr W. H. Cummings were the vocalists.

CROYDON.—Mr George Russell gave his annual evening concert in the Public Hall on Monday evening, Dec. 10. The vocalists were Les Demoiselles Carlotta et Antonietta Badia (their second appearance in Croydon) and Mr W. Shakespeare. The instrumentalists were Mr George Russell (pianoforte), Mr Henry Holmes (violin), and Herr Lütgen (violoncello). We subjoin the programme, which, as usual at Mr Russell's concerts, was varied and interesting:—

Grand Trio in E flat—Mr Geo. Russell, Mr Henry Holmes, and Herr Lütgen (Beethoven); Recit. and Air, "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her, angels," *Jephthah*—Mr W. Shakespeare (Handel); Duo, "Crucifix"—Mdles C. and A. Badia (Faure); Solo Pianoforte, Melody in F and Variations sérieuses—Mr Geo. Russell (Rubinstein and Mendelssohn); Songs, "Deserted, blind, and homeless" and "La nuit sur le lac"—Mdles C. and A. Badia (Badia); Grand Sonata, in C minor—Mr Geo. Russell and Mr Henry Holmes (Beethoven); Trio in D major (MS.)—Mr Geo. Russell, Mr Henry Holmes, and Herr Lütgen (G. Russell); Song, "Seest thou at even"—Mr W. Shakespeare—violin *obligato*, Mr Henry Holmes (Kalliwoda); Solo Violoncello, "Air Montagnard"—Herr Lütgen; Duo, "Giorno d'orror," *Semiramide*—Mdles C. and A. Badia (Rossini); New Song, "Canto par te"—Mr W. Shakespeare, accompanied by the composer (Badia); Grand Fantasia on the National Airs—Mr Geo. Russell (Thalberg).

Signor Badia and Mr Robert Beringer were the accompanists.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

<p>The minstrel host are coming now, To ease the heart and smooth the brow That's bow'd and knit with care. Their golden harps are ringing, With praises they are singing, Whose sound fills all the air. { Then hush the world-tones in thine heart, For sweet the words of love they pour within the listener's ear, { As "Unto you a Saviour's born!" floats through the ether clear.</p>	<p>Hark! they slowly downward come, From their fair celestial home, To tell the passion-toss'd of peace; To give pain-prison'd ones release; To shed across life's troubled night Faith's beacon-ray of glory light!</p>
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* Copyright.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

VICTORIA-CLAFLIN WOODHULL, THE GREAT ORATOR.—This lady is no orator; she is a fair specimen of a certain class of American women, certainly not what we in England would call an educated woman. She simply takes a text from Scripture, and lectures from it on morality from her point of view. There can be no doubt that she is in earnest and means well, but so little is she acquainted with her subject that she makes no reference to another country where her great remedy, of stopping the supply, has been tried without any great benefit to morality. Once she referred to the success of Moody and Sankey, and we would recommend her to get some fair-faced, sweet-voiced sister, to assist her; and even then she must not expect to take money at the doors. All this sort of preaching is gratuitous in this country. The greater part of her audience, we imagine, was drawn to St James's Hall by the reports of her traducers.—BENWELL.

LEIPSIK.—*Heinrich der Löwe*, a new four-act opera, words and music by Herr Edmund Kretschmer, was produced at the Stadttheater on the 8th inst. As in the case of his *Die Folkunger*, the composer has taken Wagner for model.—The managing committee of the Gewandhaus Concerts have decided on erecting a new hall, larger than the present one, which will be used for less important concerts and performances of chamber music. The estimated sum required for the new edifice is 900,000 marks, which, it is hoped, will be raised by subscription and a public loan. Persons giving or subscribing will enjoy certain rights as regards admissions. The money, says the *Signale*, will be easily raised, the difficulty being to discover a suitable site.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

In 1843 I had the pleasure of being introduced to Dr Elliotson, the celebrated physician of that period, who had to resign his position as physician of St Thomas's Hospital in consequence of his belief in, and occasional use of, mesmerism, clairvoyance, &c., in his practice, which was in the eyes of his professional brethren considered to be unorthodox. He used to have receptions at his residence in Conduit Street every other Wednesday evening during the London season, to which I had frequent invitations, and at which I met many of the artistic, musical, literary, and medical celebrities of the day, amongst them John Martin (who painted the well-known picture, *Belshazzar's Feast*, and other Biblical subjects, with such marvellous effect, who wore an unusual style of evening dress, like an infantry officer's undress frock-coat, ornamented with black braided embroidery, and whose brother at a later period set fire to York Minster), George Cruikshank, Sir Edwin Landseer, and his brother Charles, Dr Hering (a well-known homœopathic physician, and great humourist), &c., &c.

From 10 o'clock to 12 we had music, George F. Kiallmark, Professor Ella, and myself occasionally playing Beethoven's trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; Gratton Cook, solos on his hautbois; Herr Kroft, a tenor singer, and others contributing vocal music,—amongst the latter, Sam Lover, the poet, novelist, and composer, who sang so effectively his own Irish ballads, and told the funniest Irish stories as no one else could tell them. After the music was over, sandwiches, sherry, and *milk punch* were placed on the table; Charles Dickens, who was one of the merriest of the guests before he went, having presented the host with six dozen of the latter delectable compound to be drunk on these occasions to keep his name in remembrance during his absence from England, on his first visit to America, which resulted in the publication of his "American Notes for General Circulation." As we sat round the table, the lively sallies, repartee, witty chat, and badinage, that accrued from this genial intercourse were most amusing. Most of the guests contributed to the fund of humour aroused in this lively coterie, of which the host, who was an inveterate punster, was the moving spirit, and the Landseers and Dr Hering the most active *aides-de-camp*. I recollect one evening seeing the veteran George Cruikshank act his own illustrations to the affecting ballad of Lord Bateman and the fair Sophia, while reciting the humorous history, with the aid of a white apron and an impromptu paper cocked hat, amidst roars of laughter.

Dr Hering, who was an admirable mimic, told all sorts of odd stories, imitated the manner, voice, and German accent of his characters to perfection, and had the power to make up his face in an extraordinary manner, to look like the people he mimicked. His imitation of Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, with his heavy face, drooping eyelid, and chin sunk into his high cravat, was perfect; as well as that of Chalon, the celebrated water-colour portrait painter, when he described an interview he had with him on the occasion of his bringing his "pore little bird" as a patient to be prescribed for.

At one of these pleasant meetings, one of the guests related the following anecdote of Sir Edwin Landseer and a dog dealer. A favourite dog of Sir Edwin's had disappeared, and was nowhere to be found. As he was fond of it, and much distressed at the loss, he was advised to apply to a certain dealer in the canine species, who was said to have an extraordinary faculty for recovering lost favourites. He sent for him, described the animal, and said he would not mind giving five pounds for its recovery. The man undertook the commission, and said he would make every effort to find it. At the expiration of a few days he returned to Sir Edwin, and informed him that he had heard of his dog, and, if he would not mind waiting for a fortnight, he would be able to bring it back to its owner, if he would agree to pay the money without asking any questions about the matter. Under the circumstances, he was forced to suppress his impatience, and consent to the stipulations. At the expiration of the term, the dog was restored to him, and the compact kept. Some months after this Sir Edwin wanted a dog of a certain breed as a model to paint from in a picture he was engaged on, but had some difficulty in getting one. It occurred to him that the dog dealer could help him. He applied to him and got what he wanted. After this, on other occasions, the man assisted him in the same way, naturally receiving

payment each time. One day Sir Edwin said to him, referring to his first transaction, "If you wont mind telling me, I should like to know why you could not return my dog to me for a fortnight, when you found out where it was after it was lost. It happened some time since, and no unpleasant consequences can arise now." "Well," said the dealer, "you've bin a very good friend to me, Sir Edwin, and I don't mind a tellin' of ye the truth about it. The fact is, *I stole your dog*, and I sold it to a gentleman wot behaved very handsome to me, for he paid me twenty pound for it; so *I couldn't steal it back again under a fortnight out o' gratitude*."—*Journal and Jottings* by HENRY W. GOODBAN.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Manchester, Dec. 19, 1877.

Since my last letter the Manchester amateurs have had no cause to complain of the concerts provided for them. A charming programme of classical chamber music was given at the Concert Hall a week or two ago, at which Mr Hallé, Mme Norman-Néruda, Signor Risegari, Mr Speelman, Herr Franz Néruda, and Signor Piatti were the executants. The novelty of the evening—a novelty here, at least—was Schubert's beautiful quintet for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos.

At Mr Hallé's concerts we have had a Wagner night. The most exciting "excerpt" of the evening was the "Ride of the Walkyries;" but what shall be said of the cruelty of the conductor in placing Beethoven's No. 4 Symphony in the first part of this programme? Mme Trebelli and Mlle Löwe were the singers at the concert, but Mme Trebelli did not undertake any of Wagner's music. *The Creation* was given a fortnight ago, under Mr Hallé's direction, with Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley as principal singers; and last week the programme included a repetition of Goldmark's symphony, "A Rustic Wedding;" a concerto by Spohr, a fantasia by Vieuxtemps, played by Mme Norman-Néruda, and a Vorspiel and Entr'acte by a hitherto unknown composer, Kretschmer. Herr Behrens was the singer.

At Mr De Jong's last concert the programme consisted entirely of English music, and the directors had prepared an illustrated programme, with drawings by eminent artists.

A fine performance of Dr J. F. Bridge's oratorio, *Mount Moriah*, was given the other night by the Athenæum Musical Society; and in the second part of the same concert Macfarren's cantata, *Christmas*, was included.

Mr Hochstetter's second concert of chamber music was not less successful than its predecessor; and among the artists were Messrs Risegari, Speelman, Bernhardt, and Vieuxtemps.

To-morrow, Thursday, and Friday, *The Messiah* will be given, under Mr Hallé's direction, with Mmes Lemmens-Sherrington and Patey, Messrs Lloyd and Foli, as principal singers. On Saturday, Mr De Jong will conduct the same work, with Mme Edith Wynne, Miss D'Alton, Messrs McGuckin and Foli; and there will also be a performance on Christmas Day.

"MUSIC PRIMERS."

The excellent idea that has occurred to Messrs Novello, Ewer and Co. of providing teachers and students of music with high-class primers contains in itself the elements of the success it deserves and is sure to attain. Four, we believe, have already been published—one on *The Piano-forte* by Ernst Pauer, one on *The Elements of the Beautiful in Music*, by the same author, another on *Rudiments of Music*, by W. H. Cummings, and another on *The Organ*, by Dr Stainer. No. 3, on *The Organ* has come more immediately under our notice, and as its author, Dr Stainer, is also the Editor of the whole series of *Music Primers*, (now advertised to the number of seventeen, with a promise of continuation), it may not be out of place specially to notice it. Like all men who are great in their profession, Dr Stainer has a thorough respect for the details of it, and a rooted conviction that a student who will not take the trouble to master the special difficulties to be met with in organ-playing is never likely to be more than "a performer whose motive is selfish pleasure and love of laud," and whose playing will reflect his frame of mind and the want of purity of purpose in his work. In Dr Stainer's opinion, no instrument offers such a temptation to triflers as the organ, for the obvious reason that an immense variety

of tone can be produced on it by merely mechanical means. Perhaps we may be allowed to supplement this opinion by remarking that no instrument can give more torture to a sensitive ear when played by a performer who has been content to master just so much of the art of playing as will afford himself amusement. Such a performer is more frequently to be met with in the country than in the towns, and is, perhaps, more frequently a woman than a man. There are very many country parishes in England too poor to pay an organist, in which there are nevertheless fairly good organs to be found in the churches. Under these circumstances anybody in the village who is "musical" undertakes the organ. Sometimes it is the parson's wife or daughter, sometimes the schoolmaster. To such persons, though by no means only or specially to such persons, Dr Stainer's *Primer* will be invaluable. Instruction on the organ is not to be had as a rule in country places, even when there is money to pay for it. And of all instruments the organ is the one on which an uneducated musician is most likely to find himself most at fault. Patient perseverance, with natural ability, will no doubt succeed in the end. But the loss of time involved in puzzling over mechanical difficulties, and the faults and tricks of playing contracted through sheer ignorance, may in future be avoided by any beginner who will give intelligent attention to Dr Stainer's exposition of the true principles of organ-playing. The *Primer* is, as it ought to be, short, clear, and concise; while at the same time no smallest difficulty has been left unexplained. As an instance of Dr Stainer's care in minutiae, we may mention that he describes the sort of shoe or boot best suited for pedal-playing. He has given drawings of the right positions for the feet, which must make them clear to the learner in a moment, and he impresses upon beginners that, without to some extent understanding the construction and the principles of the organ, it is impossible for them to bring into play all its varied capabilities; and to this end he has devoted Part I. to a short sketch of the history of the organ, and Part II. to a short explanation of its construction, illustrated by drawings. These two sections of the *Primer* contain as much as it is necessary for a beginner to know; and they are so contrived as to excite so much interest in the subjects as will doubtless lead real lovers of the organ to seek further and more particular knowledge. Following Part I. and Part II. is a chapter on stops and their management, which is the clearest and most useful exposition of them that we have yet seen. Part III., on the stops, is succeeded by Part IV., which is devoted to the practical study of the instrument, the management of the hands and feet, of the stops and various mechanical appliances, and of the method of playing with expression. To each of these subjects is added many and most excellent exercises. When the student has thoroughly mastered these, as well as the five short pieces at the end of the book representing the different styles of organ music, he will find himself in a position to understand and interpret any style that may suit his own special bias. But he will be an unworthy disciple of Dr Stainer if he simply succeeds in making himself "an agile gymnast of the first order," or fails to recognize the nobility of his study.

Any one who will take the trouble to look at the list of the authors of the *Primers*, which are already announced as in preparation, cannot avoid wishing well to the undertaking. The editorship of Dr Stainer would in itself be a recommendation to any treatise on music.

—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

CHRISTMAS RIDDLE FROM MRS S. C.

Quelles sont les 2 notes qu'un artiste trouve les plus lourdes à porter?



Far - deau ! *

* Oh! oh! —D. D.

WAIFS.

Mlle de Reszké has signed a fresh engagement for a year with M. Halanzier.

Le Désert and *La Damnation de Faust* will shortly figure in the programmes of the Paris Concerts Populaires.

The series of cheap performances this season at the Théâtre-Lyrique commenced on the 16th inst. with *Si j'étais roi*.

Sig. Fernando, a tenor of the Italian company at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has made a great impression in *Poliuto*.

An advertising suggestion to tailors offering black suits (Long-fellow adapted): "Each mourning sees some task begun, each evening sees its clothes."

The "Biblical" opera of M. Saint-Saëns, entitled *Samson et Dalila*, has been brought out at Weimar, not, so far as we can gather, with any marked success.

L'Etoile is to be succeeded at the Bouffes-Parisiens by *Babiole*, MM. Clairville and Gastineau being the librettists, and M. Laurent de Rillé the composer.

Mr Finlay Finlayson, well known in musical circles as a vocalist, has left England, and has accepted the post of editor of *The Colonist*, a journal published daily at George Town, Demerara.

The *Hamlet* of M. Ambrose Thomas (*pace* Dr Hans von Bülow), has been received with unanimous favour at St Petersburg—Mme Gardini-Gerster being the Ophelia, and Sig. Cotogni the Hamlet.

Mlle Laura and Mathilde Hermann, violinists, have been performing at the new Concerthaus, Berlin. Signora Borghi-Mamo has been playing Selika, in *L'Africaine*, at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Mr Henry Smart's cantata, *The Bride of Dunkerron*, has been performed with great success at Salisbury. The part of the heroine was entrusted to Miss Catherine Penna, who, the local papers inform us, "won golden opinions."

L'Africaine has been given for the first time at the new Grand Opera, Paris. It is magnificently put on the stage. Brahms' Symphony in C minor is to be performed at the next concert of the New York Philharmonic Society.

Mlle Perdi (Miss Purdy), whose performance of Siebel (*Faust*), at Her Majesty's Theatre, made so favourable an impression, played Magdalena (*Rigoletto*) on Tuesday evening, and sustained the part of the Bravo's sister in a way that obtained for her the unanimous approval of the audience. Mlle Perdi has a well cultivated voice, and her stage appearance is highly prepossessing.

At the annual commemoration visit paid by the Queen and the Royal family, &c., to the mausoleum at Frogmore, Friday Dec. 14, the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, the selection of music, given by command of her Majesty, included the chorale, "Evening and Morning," on the text, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," composed by Professor Sir Herbert Oakeley.

DR BUNNETT.—The weekly organ recitals at the Bow and Bromley Institute are always of interest in the musical world, and they attract organists as listeners for miles around London. Last Saturday Dr Edward Bunnett made his first bow before a metropolitan audience, and was no doubt selected by the authorities on account of the strong feeling of sympathy that now exists towards him amongst his professional brethren. He was greeted with great applause, and his performance of the various pieces was most heartily and enthusiastically received. We subjoin the programme:—Sonata (D minor), No. 6, Mendelssohn; Andante in G, Bistate; Organ Sketch (F minor), Chipp; Prelude and Fugue (A minor), Bach; Adagio (*Maid of Orleans*), Sir W. Sterndale Bennett; Andante in G and Con moto moderato, Henry Smart.—*Daily Press*.

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